

Duke, Dean and Mrs. Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Superintendent of City Schools W. H. Kiester, Superintendent of County Schools John C. Myers, and Miss Brinton, Miss Day, Miss Wilson, and Mrs. Moody.

More than a hundred dollars was added to the funds of *The Schoolma'am* the evening of December 4, when the annual bazaar was held in the gymnasium. Practically every student made a contribution of fancy work or wood work, and these articles were sold, as well as the usual refreshments.

The general management of the bazaar was in the capable hands of Elise Loewner. The Lee Literary Society, presenting "Declamation Day in Simpkins Hollow", was awarded the prize for the best "stunt".

The Devereux Players appeared at the New Virginia Theatre in Harrisonburg Friday and Saturday nights, December 10 and 11, presenting Ibsen's *Ghosts* Friday night and A. E. Thomas's comedy, *Her Husband's Wife*, Saturday night. At a Saturday matinee the one-act Russian play by Anton Chekov, known both as *The Bear* and *The Boor*, was presented on a program with the kitchen scene from *Twelfth Night* and the screen scene from *The School for Scandal*.

TEACHERS TOO

If workers think first of pay and only second of work, they are servants of him who is the lord of pay, the most unerect fiend that fell. If they think first of the work and its results and only second of their pay, however important that may be, then they are servants of Him who is the Lord of Work.—John Ruskin.

During the five years since 1915 the salaries of teachers have increased on the average 45 per cent. as compared with a 100 per cent. increase in the wages of laborers and artisans.—*Russell Sage Foundation report*.

XI

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE ALUMNAE

A COMPLETE DIRECTORY

This is what we want, and this is what we are working for.

We, in this case, means especially the faculty committee on alumnae relations; more comprehensively, it means everybody at Blue-Stone Hill. More than 5000 students have been in attendance at our school, summer and winter, from the first session, 1909-1910, to the present, and an organized effort is now being made to locate them all and enroll them all in an up-to-date directory.

About November 1, the alumnae relations committee, in co-operation with President Duke and Dean Gifford, decided to mail a questionnaire to every person who has ever been enrolled at the school, in the effort to ascertain facts of interest and with the purpose of maintaining a bond of mutual helpfulness between the institution and all its daughters and sons. This questionnaire was dated November 15, but an unexpected storm of ice broke down our transmission of electric current and the resulting darkness caused a long delay. However, the committee and various helpers are faithfully at work, and the questionnaires are going out. Some will go across the seas, many will go into distant states, but most will go, we trust, to some friendly door in old Virginia; and soon we expect the post office clerks of Harrisonburg to be thrown into a panic by the size of incoming mail bags.

What we want, among other things, are these—Your present name and your present address; your former name, if Cupid has enrolled you on a marriage license; a statement of your work, your extras, and your honors; and also an indication of the way in which Alma Mater can be of best service to you in the sphere of your aspirations.

We not only desire information about yourself, but we crave your aid in locating others whose names and addresses may now be unknown to us.

Please Help.

RICHMOND LUNCHEON

For several years past the Thanksgiving educational conferences have been signalized for Harrisonburg Normal School people, old students and teachers, by an *ensemble* luncheon, at which the liberal provision of the caterer has not been allowed to displace any measure of *auld lang syne* good fellowship. This year's luncheon was a climax, not only in setting, in good things to eat, and in a record breaking attendance, but also in the chief thing—the Harrisonburg spirit.

The Richmond chapter of Harrisonburg girls, many of whom now write "Mrs.", outdid itself as hostess. The beautiful Red Room in the Hotel Richmond was secured as the place of meeting and an elaborate menu was provided at a figure to set a new standard in thrift. A hundred and twenty-five kindred spirits joined to make one good comradeship. President Burruss, now of Blacksburg, was toast master. President Duke and numerous members of the Harrisonburg faculty, present and past, were there. Normal girls, however, were in the majority, as they always are, and all were just as handsome and wholesome as ever.

Toasts to the faculty, the ex-members of the faculty, to the VIRGINIA TEACHER, to the Alumnae Association, to the Richmond chapter of alumnae, to the married alumnae, and to Alma Mater's grand children were proposed and responded to appropriately and heartily. The crest of enthusiasm was reached when a motion was made and unanimously carried endorsing a proposition to raise a fund of \$50,000 for the erection of an alumnae building at Blue-Stone Hill.

The details of the undertaking have not yet been worked out completely, but the plan will be fostered by the alumnae and will be promoted by every loyal daughter of the school as well as by the student body now in attendance at the institution. The faculty will stand as a solid phalanx behind the project, and a splendid achievement is anticipated. This project is universally regarded as the biggest and best thing, of a definite sort, that our alumnae and other old students have yet undertaken. It is just the sort of thing to express the Harrisonburg spirit.

PROGRAM OF THE HARRISONBURG LUNCHEON, HOTEL RICHMOND, NOV. 26

Dr. Julian A. Burruss, Toast-Master

Invocation of Divine Blessing
 Toast to the Faculty-----Dr. Burruss
 Response—Miss Anthony
 Toast to Ex-members of Faculty--Dr. Wayland
 Response—Miss Gregg
 Toasts to Married Alumnae-----Dr. Smithey
 and Professor Dingleline
 Response—Mrs. Juliet Coffman Chiles
 Toast to Alma Mater's Grandchildren-----
 Miss Seeger
 Response—Mrs. Annie Davis Steger
 Toast to the VIRGINIA TEACHER, Audrey Girard
 Response—Dr. Converse
 Toast to the Summer School-----Professor
 W. D. Smith
 Response—Mrs. Blakey
 Toast to the Alumnae Association-----
 President Duke
 Response—Reba Beard
 Toast to the Richmond Chapter-----
 Superintendent Kelster
 Response—Mary Lancaster Smith
 (Miss Smith made the motion to endorse the
 Alumnae Building project.)
 Singing—"Blue-Stone Hill" and "Auld Lang
 Syne"

TO OUR TEACHERS OF FORMER DAYS

Toast offered to ex-members of the faculty
 at the Harrisonburg luncheon, Richmond
 Hotel, November 26.

Here's to our teachers of former days—
 Their learning rare, their charming ways.

Here's to their knowledge, lit with truth,
 Here's to their worth in life of youth,
 Their valiant fight
 For every right
 That hope may seek and courage take.

Here's to their lifting chapel talks—
 The falls they had on icy walks,
 When earth and sky
 Both seemed so nigh—
 Here's to their necks that didn't break!

Here's to their skill that didn't fail
 To prove each patent testing scale
 That M. Binet
 Or M. Jonet
 Severely said we must put through.

Here's to their fight, of painful sort,
 'Gainst chewing gum and skirts too short,
 'Gainst clocks too slow
 And shoes too low
 And all the giddy things that girls will do.

Here's to the plans they had to make,
 The morning naps they had to break—
 Their written quizzes.
 Their "ought's" and "is's,"
 And all the A's they didn't give.

Here's to the tears their pupils shed;
 Here's to the witty things they said
 At fall receptions
 And such deceptions—
 Here's to their love that still doth live.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

At Piney Mountain, in Albemarle County, Helen Heyl, Margaret Proctor, and their associates are making an interesting experiment in community betterment through the school as a social center. A home for the teachers at the school house is being provided; facilities for entertainment, through books, music, and social activities, are being developed; good roads are being promoted; good health is being taught in practical ways; and a fine spirit of wholesome community cooperation is being realized.

It is an encouraging and significant thing that young women of such unusual ability as Miss Heyl and Miss Proctor possess should turn away from the attractive opportunities that big city school systems have offered them to work in a rural community. They have the vision of prophets and the devotion of heroines, as well as capacity for initiative and ambition for pioneer enterprise.

May we say, they have the Harrisonburg spirit?

ENTHUSIASM

Edna Parrish, who began with a one-room school, was next assistant principal of a junior high school and has recently succeeded Christine Reaves in the four-year high school at Penola. We wish she might come back and finish the course for graduation. Her unflagging interest glows in a recent letter: "Several days ago I found some copies of THE VIRGINIA TEACHER in our school library. You can hardly imagine with what eagerness I grasped and read them. They contained so much Harrisonburg news that I read straight on through two periods and could hardly put them down when the bell summoned me to meet a class. I see that it costs \$1.50; so I am enclosing that amount. Please enter my name as a subscriber."

FROM SARAH SHIELDS

So many interesting experiences come into our days out here that I hardly know of which to write—but I should like to tell you of two

Mohammedan women—third and fourth wives of a wealthy Mohammedan lawyer living in Lahore. His first wife is living and by her he has a son older than either of these two young women of whom I write. Their husband treated them kindly; they had a great many servants, a fortune in jewels—these things mean so much to Indian women whose lives are so pathetically narrow and self-centered. So in becoming Christians, their motive was not to get away from a miserable home life. One became interested in Christianity years ago when studying in a Mission School—the other learned from her to read—and both received further teaching at our Mission Dispensary in Lahore.

They ran away from home one day when their husband was out of town and presented themselves to one of our missionaries' wives in Lahore announcing that they wanted to become Christians.

It is a very dangerous thing to help a woman get away from her husband, or to be in any way instrumental in her leaving him without his full consent, but the women were determined to leave their home altogether and be baptized—which means divorce in the Mohammedan household. You can readily understand the danger in which they were in their own city, so Mrs. . . . sent them to us. We live "in the jungle"—just Miss Clark, who is principal of this school, and myself—no white people for miles and miles around us. I must confess we received these two young women not without a few pangs of uneasiness, for they did seem so daring, even in coming to us, and what they were doing was so very serious in its consequences if they should be caught before they could be baptized. The punishment for this act is for the husband to cut off his wife's nose with an axe or a hatchet. I know it makes you shudder to think of it, but it is a common occurrence, I assure you. However they were determined to take the chances.

They came to us—Barkat Bibi is the name of the older—Alfat of the younger. They dropped into our school life so naturally, and in spite of having been used all their lives to being waited upon by servants and petted and humored, they adapted themselves so readily to our very simple living arrangements in the school,—above all they were so altogether happy and contented from the very start, that they just won our hearts completely. But as it is never good policy to have them baptized too quickly before they can prove their sincerity, they remained with us as converts for about two weeks.

A relative, also about to become a Christian, made himself responsible for their expenses. It became necessary for them to confer together and, although a trip to Lahore was a daring thing for them to attempt, letters would be still more dangerous, so Barkat Bibi, accompanied by our Christian matron, started on their journey.

Reaching Lahore they went at once to the Mission Compound, where without being discovered they could get into touch with her relatives. Later the latter came to take Barkat Bibi to their home, and the matron stayed all night at the Compound. The husband of Barkat Bibi and Alfat had often called on these relatives, but the one who knew of their whereabouts, Abdul Azziz, and who was supporting them, had purposely avoided him and always managed not to be at home. He is a motor car driver; his family lives in one room, and just outside his door is his employer's garage where the motor car is kept.

Barkat Bibi was sitting with her relatives in this room, when about midnight they heard a voice outside the gate of the wall around the house. The gate had been locked and fortunately so, for the voice was none other than that of Barkat Bibi's and Alfat's husband, who failing to find Abdul Azziz in the day time had come in the middle of the night to "take counsel." The family was dismayed but they hastily put Barkat Bibi into the garage and at the same time sent a little boy to unlock the gate. (How I wish you could have heard Barkat Bibi tell this story on her return. Her eyes just sparkled with mischief and fun, and her cheeks—she is a beautiful girl—were flushed with excitement as she went on to tell of the conversation that took place. She could hear every word distinctly in the garage. Her husband was plainly at his wit's end. "Why, I do not know what to do!" he said. "They have gone and I can't find them anywhere. They have not stolen a thing from the house—no money, none of their jewelry, and no clothes except what they were wearing. I can't put them into court because I have no claim against them and I'll only be made a fool of, if I do! I don't know what to do!" So he went on and on, and his relatives seemed utterly unable to give him any help or advice. The husband never seemed to think of their having become Christians and you may be sure that Abdul Azziz did not enlighten him with regard to either their intentions or his own.

Finally, to the desperation of Abdul Azziz, the husband calmly announced that he believed since it was so late he would stay all night—after the free and unceremonious way of this country. No one knew what turn affairs might take next, but when the cause of all the uneasiness was sound asleep—a blanket was quietly thrown into Barkat Bibi in the garage, and she was told to curl up in the motor car and go to sleep. She declares she had a wonderful rest in spite of gasoline and oil cans standing all around her!

Next morning the husband arose to take his departure—at least all thought he had gone, but it appeared later that he had only gone out a little distance to say his Mohammedan prayers. Barkat Bibi thought she was safe and came into the room from the garage,

but she no sooner stepped inside than she heard a cough—her husband's cough! Just an instant of warning and Barkat Bibi, cold with terror, slid behind the door as he opened it—but as she says—"God worked two miracles: first, He made him cough at just that moment; and second, He closed his eyes, for I do not see how he failed to see me as I slid behind the door!"

The husband was very much excited and said he had just seen two women in a carriage—they were wearing *burkhas*—the *pardah* dress which the non-Christian women of India wear. It covers them from head to foot, so that it is impossible for any man to see them. He believed they were his wives "sure thing," etc. The relative was at once all agog with curiosity and interest and helpfulness. "All right", he said most heartily—"I am right with you—we'll follow them up and catch them!" Giving the useful little boy a tip to take Barkat Bibi with all haste to the railway station and put her on the train for Jagraon, Abdul Azziz spent a strenuous morning with the distracted husband in a glorious "wild goose chase" in every direction in Lahore (except toward the station) after two women wearing *burkhas* and sitting in a carriage! In the meantime Barkat Bibi, highly pleased with herself, and deeply touched by the wonderful goodness of God, was steaming away toward Jagraon.

Upon her arrival we realized the necessity of their being baptized at once, so the next day our beloved Indian pastor, himself a Mohammedan convert, now very weak and feeble, but very simple and impressive in the way in which he performed the beautiful little ceremony, baptized them. I shall never forget it—those two young women—their faces simply radiant with joy—stood before our assembled school and Indian Christians, and in clear, ringing tones answered the questions by which they renounced their old Mohammedan beliefs and stepped out with such utter confidence upon their Christian faith. The joy on their faces was only matched on the faces of our own girls, as they broke out at the close of the service, into a glorious victory chorus. Oh, I tell you, it was a thrilling moment to me; it is so wonderful to see them come! And as I listened to those glad girlish voices I felt sure the angels too were singing with just as much joy as they were.

And so it is. India is just throbbing with life; never has there been such a breaking down of strongholds as now. How I wish I could go on and write story after story of it all. We feel this new life in our midst here—our girls—in that middle and later teen age, who are aroused to life and its full meaning—that "life abundant". Just to be here, to have a small—even a very small part in it all—grows to me a more and more unspeakably precious privilege, and in spite of the many disappointments, the restlessness of India, the heat,

and some trying things, I meet each day, welcome each new day with a joy that I've never known to be so great before and yet it just seems to grow and grow and grow.

FROM MARY SCOTT

Mary Scott spent last year in Barnard College and now has been given a scholarship in France—board and tuition for a year. She, and about twenty other American girls in French schools, will spend the holidays in Paris, there to be entertained in turn by the French Government and by the American embassy.

She went over on a small French steamer, where at least one or two passengers took the trouble to speak "slowly and distinctly" to the young American who is so eager to become proficient in their tongue. In a big storm for two days and nights she and her "camarade" did not raise their heads, though nearly every other movable object in their stateroom—shoes, apples, books, and suit cases—rolled at will over their limp and unresisting forms, and a trunk danced madly about until, taking the role of a battering-ram, it broke down the door.

"I was afraid I should not like the French people," she writes; "I thought the men might all prove to be little and jerky, like that boat. But they are big and calm and fine.

"It is all quite different here at school from anything you could imagine. There are three other Americans. They are 'perfect dears'; so we are all happy and jolly. We are now beginning to find beauty in antiquity, which at first looked just 'old' and ugly and dirty. We have been really thrilled over a medieval castle with a sure-enough moat and draw-bridge and tower and everything. We also fell in love with an abbey and chapel built by the wife of William the Conqueror.

"The school is quite modern—was built in 1914—but it is of the age of Charlemagne in accommodations and manner of living. We sleep in a large room—all sixty of us together. This is partitioned off, and curtained along the middle aisle. The wooden partitions do not extend to the floor, and they reach about a foot above one's head. The "cells" are just big enough to hold a bed and a washbowl (cold water—the warm to be carried from the end of the hall). We keep all our clothes and shoes downstairs in a wardrobe room and a shoe room respectively.

"We rise at 6:30 and go to bed at 9! Isn't that awful? By 7 we are dressed. We go to the study room until 7:50, when we have breakfast of coffee and brown bread only. (We never have any other bread but brown bread, and we furnish all our own butter and jam.) We make our beds before 8:30. Then we go to the first class, and the dormitory is locked. We are not allowed in again all day until

8:30 in the evening, when we go to get ready for bed. So we have no rooms—we spend all our time, when not at class, in a study hall with a proctor. She is a person essentially ever-present—watches one sleeping, playing, studying, eating. She walks up and down the dining room and makes one eat everything, even though it is a grand mixture of prunes and carrots cooked in liver gravy. She has no difficulty with us except in regard to that dish, for we are near the sea and always hungry, though we eat four times a day. The proctor also conducts us every day in a long line for a walk after lunch.

"The teachers are lovely to us. The proctors have us to tea every Friday. Great trains of little girls hang about us at every recess, jabbering away at a great rate. It is excellent for our French. I often think of the lack of attention received by the solitary French girl at Barnard last year.

"We have Thursday holiday instead of Saturday. We like it better, though all days are alike here. These girls are accused of lacking in initiative. No wonder; they have no clubs, no parties, no class organization—no amusement but dancing in the gym room on a stone floor. But on the whole we are quite used to it and like it tremendously now—are having a nice time, living for Christmas and Paris and the mail."

FROM HELENA MARSH

We take the liberty of quoting part of a private letter from Helena Marsh, former editor-in-chief of *The Schoolma'am* and lightning change artist in all campus performances: "As I had planned, I went to Columbia this summer and took the course in journalism. It was a joy to be in a classroom again. We worked like beavers, and every second was filled with worth-while things and thoughts and people. They specialized me on interviewing, and I enjoyed it hugely. My biggest fish was Chauncey Depew. He was most gracious, giving me a long interview on after-dinner speaking."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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"S. P. D." is Samuel P. Duke, the president of the State Normal School at Harrisonburg.